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FAITH TRIUMPHANT:

A FUNERAL SERMON,

PREACHED IN CARR'S LANE CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM,
JUNE 13TH, 1841,

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF MRS. JAMES,

WIFE OF THE REV. J. A. JAMES.

BY THE REV. GEORGE REDFORD, D.D., LL.D.

TOGETHER WITH

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE DECEASED

BY HER HUSBAND.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.
B. HUDSON, BIRMINGHAM.
1841.

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Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

TO

THE REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

To you, my dear Brother, I beg respectfully to dedicate the following Discourse, preached at your request, to commemorate the removal of one most deservedly dear to you, and most affectionately beloved by all who knew her.

The sentiments of the Discourse will, I know, approve themselves to your enlightened judgment, because they carry with them inspired authentication, and because they verified their efficiency in the experience of that inestimable Christian Lady whose life they uniformly influenced, and whose death they cheered and made triumphant. But the style and the manner of illustration will require your candour and that of the reader. The setting is rough and homely, but the jewel is precious. Let these imperfections be lost amidst its splendours. That Christian faith herein portrayed has identified your late beloved partner with the glorified apostle of the Gentiles. You have long proclaimed to the world and to the church the value of such a faith in Jesus Christ.

You have witnessed another illustrious proof of its efficacy, and you will accept the wish from a fraternal heart, that you may continue to teach and preach the faith in Christ Jesus for salvation, till your own faith is turned into fruition, and the sorrows of bereavement shall be exchanged for the joys of eternal and celestial reunion. Her Lord and yours now says, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

I need not add the assurance that you have an interest in many hearts and many prayers, for your support, comfort, and usefulness,—but in none a deeper or more affectionate interest, than in that of

Your sympathising friend,

and brother in Jesus Christ,

GEORGE REDFORD.

Worcester, July 15, 1841.

belief is dissipated, all opposition subdued; and, as in the case of Zaccheus and the woman of Samaria, an immediate perception of his divine glory fills the mind, and a clear, unconquerable, saving faith is inspired. We are astonished at the easy, direct, triumphant manner in which Jesus Christ removes the enmity of the heart, supersedes its unbelief, and brings men to confess "Thou art the Christ the Son of God, who should come into the world." From that hour Paul, like Thomas, recognised him as his Lord and his God. He was soon after received by Ananias as a true convert, baptised in the name of the ever blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and is henceforth found glorying only in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is not possible, upon the present occasion, to enter fully into an examination of Paul's views of Jesus Christ; yet there are several of these so constantly made prominent in his preaching, and as we conceive so essential to a saving faith in us, that we must briefly advert to them. From the day when he received his commission, with instruction from Jesus Christ himself, to become an apostle, he manifested a deep insight into the mystery which, though hidden from ages and generations, was now made manifest. He had looked upon the unveiled glories of his

FUNERAL SERMON

2

ments as all in heaven may approve, and all assembled here feel to be in harmony with the occasion.

I am the more reconciled to the position I occupy, from the belief that, could the arrangements of this solemn day have been submitted to our dear departed sister, she would, at least so far, have approved. I am led to this conclusion from a long conversation I had with her some weeks since, in which, though she did not express a direct wish that I should improve her removal, yet she spoke so plainly and so fully, both as to what she should deprecate on such an occasion, and how she thought it ought to be employed, that I was led to infer it would at least not be displeasing to her, if the partial friendship of her husband should select me for this service. The whole conversation seemed designed on her part to prepare me for such an application. Deeply, therefore, as I feel and deplore this afflictive bereavement, which imposes silence on my sorrowing brother, which places him among the hearers and at the head of all the mourners, and me in the place which he is accustomed to occupy, yet I commit myself to the promised support and assistance of my divine Lord, whose grace shall, I trust, be exalted, and his glory promoted this day, even in the midst of our lamentations.

I have endeavoured to select a passage of Scripture, as the subject of the present discourse, which should be in harmony with the views and feelings of our departed friend ; as well as one which should present such a subject for your meditations as she would have dictated : for it was her solemn injunction upon me, that if any notice was to be publicly taken of her removal, as little as possible should be said of her ; but that the opportunity should be improved to exalt her divine Lord, and urge the hearers to the exercise of faith and the practice of holiness.

Now such a passage as I think she would have approved, both for expressing her own state of mind, and affording an opportunity of exalting the grace of that Saviour in whom she trusted, I think I have found. It occurred to me immediately after the conversation I had with her ; and in its calm, sober, and yet confident expression of Christian sentiment and feeling, it embodies the substance of what I heard her so sweetly express ; and I believe also it comprises the whole amount of her experience during the many months of her affliction.

This passage of Holy Scripture you will find recorded in the Second Epistle to Timothy 1st chap. 12th verse :—

look for pardon of his aggravated offences ; but he was subsequently taught by Christ himself to direct all other sinners to the same object. "The gospel which I preached unto you I neither received of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Therefore he did not hesitate to teach and preach, that "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures ;" that we "are redeemed not with silver and gold," as a ransom price, "but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." His blood "speaketh better things than that of Abel," which it would not have done, if it had been merely the blood of martyrdom ; but would have cried the same thing as the blood of Abel ; that is, for vengeance upon his murderers :—according to the divine testimony,—“the voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto me from the ground.” But because the blood of Christ was a sacrificial offering to the divine justice, which is thereby satisfied, it cries, “Father, forgive them.” It is a propitiation for our sins ; and, “as the high-priest entered once into the holy place not without blood, which he offered for himself and for the sins of the people — so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.” In the Epistle to the Hebrews our apostle shows, by an elaborate argument, that

mighty voice of the archangel intrusted with the trump of God: "Behold, He cometh! Prepare to meet your God! Arise ye dead and come to judgement." Immediately death and the grave deliver up their prisoners. The saints that sleep in Jesus rise first, and ascend to meet the Lord in the air. The swelling tides of this world's vast and mighty population, all living and breathing again, flow onward by a resistless impulse, to meet the Judge of all. The final sentence is heard,—the fate of each for ever determined; the two classes for ever separated with the impassable gulf between:—"These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." This is a day which will indeed try all the hearts and hopes and confidences of men. Then every false hope and human confidence will be put to shame. Then every hypocritical professor, every self-righteous expectant, every open or concealed enemy of Jesus Christ our Lord will be confounded. But his saints, all his saints, who have believed with the sincerity, simplicity, and hearty confidence of Paul, shall lift up their heads with joy; for then will come salvation and glory and blessing for ever and ever.

NOTE.

It is proper here to state that after the delivery of the foregoing discourse, a brief Memoir of Mrs. James, suited to the occasion, and introduced by the remarks on the first page of the biographical sketch, was read ; a short address to Mr. James, and a few concluding and applicatory remarks to the church and congregation were added. But as it appeared highly desirable that a more expanded account of this excellent woman should be given to the public than could be comprehended within the limits of a sermon, her bereaved husband, who only could be in possession of the requisite information, has supplied with his own hand this desideratum.

TO THE
CHURCH AND CONGREGATION,
ASSEMBLING IN
CARR'S LANE, BIRMINGHAM,

THIS BRIEF MEMORIAL
OF ONE THEY KNEW AND LOVED, AND NOW LAMENT,
PUBLISHED IN COMPLIANCE WITH THEIR WISHES,
AND INTENDED TO DO HONOUR TO HER MEMORY,
BUT STILL MORE TO MAGNIFY THE GRACE OF GOD IN HER
SALVATION,
IS INSCRIBED,
WITH THE HOPE OF PROMOTING THEIR EDIFICATION,
BY THEIR BEREAVED, AFFLICTED, AND FAITHFUL
PASTOR.

ness of sins, justification at the bar of eternal justice, the renewal of his nature to perfect holiness, and, finally, a reception to immortal blessedness. Without a similar faith, I say not in degree, but at least in its nature and its object, we cannot participate in the immortal benefits included in the great salvation. We maintain that, without such views of the person, work, and grace of Jesus Christ, as were entertained by this eminent apostle, the transforming and saving influence of his religion cannot be felt.

I do not hesitate to say, that these were the views which enabled our dear departed sister so calmly to anticipate her dissolution, so triumphantly to vanquish the last enemy, and so joyfully to anticipate her abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of her God and Saviour. How important, how essential, is a clear and strong faith in the divine character, the boundless ability and infinite grace of our adorable Redeemer ! He must be received as our sin offering, our high-priest, our prevailing mediator, or the peerless blessing of immortal life cannot be ours, and among the number of his redeemed we never can appear. "He that *believeth* shall be saved ; he that *believeth not* shall be damned."

2. But this faith which the preaching of the

apostle enforced, and his example recommended, must be a faith constantly operative, combined with holy love, and animated by its pure seraphic ardour. It is faith working by love, which Paul exhibited and taught; and love is to the soul of the believer, as the wing to the bird, as the sail to the ship. No religious duty is acceptable to God without the holy fire of love. This is the fulfilling of the law. Imperfect in many respects as our obedience to that law will be, and must be, yet in love it may be perfect. "Faith without works," we read, "is dead," or powerless; and works without love are worthless; and truth without love is cold; and zeal without love is selfish; and even martyrdom without love would be a rejected sacrifice. Let love, therefore, be without dissimulation; for the strength of our faith is really and precisely as the strength of our love. This is the vital principle of our whole religious profession. It is the inestimable jewel of our crown, and reflects the image of a divine nature. There is no gold so inestimable as our precious faith, and, in combination with this faith, there is no jewel so fair, there is no crystal so clear, there is no flower so fragrant, as love. It is the very element of heaven; it is the music of immortal intelligences; it is the glory of the Church triumphant, the highest and the happiest benedic-

tion of the Church militant. Oh, cultivate love with faith. Seek them, cherish them before all things. Beware of living by sense. If you covet and pursue earthly things, you will grasp shadows instead of substance; you will send your hope to an empty treasury, and feed your immortal souls with delusive visions. A fervent love, combined with an unfeigned faith, were the graces which distinguished the character of our apostle, which made him triumphant over all his foes and all his fears, and these will be our joy, our honour, and our strength.

3. This faith, so essential to salvation, is, by this same apostle, affirmed to be the gift of God, (Ephes. ii. 8,) and yet there are various means put into our hands for the attainment, the increase, and the preservation of it. These are principally the word of God, the preaching of the gospel, meditation on heavenly things, and prayer. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Those who desire a vigorous faith are to use the means of obtaining it. They are taught to say "Lord, increase our faith;" and when they have little or none, they may imitate the man who said, "Help thou mine unbelief." Because faith is God's gift, while it is sought from heaven, its divine object must be realized by the soul, and the mind must dwell upon his unquestionable

ability. It was in receiving the knowledge of God in Jesus Christ, that St. Paul at once believed, and was, in consequence, "accepted in the Beloved." Jesus Christ received as the Son of God, the true Messiah and promised Saviour of men, the whole scheme of the gospel became clear and open to his view. His mind expatiated with inexpressible delight over the entire compass of salvation by grace through faith; and out of his profound knowledge of the gospel scheme, and rich experience of saving faith, he proceeded to teach and preach Jesus Christ, as the means of awakening the hearts of sinners everywhere to the exercise of a like faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

His testimony both to the truth of the gospel, as taught him by the express revelation of Jesus Christ, and his experience of the efficacy of faith in the Saviour, are of the utmost value to the Church. Our departed sister was blessed with a large measure of like precious faith, and therefore she partook with Paul of the consolation which it never fails to impart. She was strong in faith, ardent in love, fruitful in good works, giving glory to God. Many of you, no doubt, feel that your faith is weak, and greatly needs increase. Remember, therefore, who is the *author* as well as the *finisher* of faith. Let your desire be directed to Him, in the language

of the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith;" but while such is your prayer, let not your heart be set on earthly things, for you would thus obscure or extinguish that eye of faith which should be directed up to heaven, intent upon the glory and ability of the gracious Mediator.

4. We may observe that this faith was accompanied in Paul with a delightful assurance, or consciousness of possessing and exercising it. He was equally persuaded of the ability of Jesus Christ to save, and of his own unfeigned faith in that ability. This principle had been attended with such effects upon his heart and character, that he could no more doubt its reality than doubt his own existence. His faith was eminently "the confidence of things hoped for, and the conviction of things not seen," for by its exercise he fully realized his own interest in the imperishable glories of salvation. The exercise of this faith was attended with a conscious appropriation of the blessing; and the measure of his joy was full, because his faith rested simply and exclusively on its appropriate object: "I know whom I have believed." The believing was a matter of deep, inward consciousness, and it produced a calm dignity, a hopeful resignation, a joyous anticipation, which elevated him above his present afflictive circumstances, and deprived death, yea, martyrdom of

all its terrors. For he powerfully and tenderly felt what he expressed in these words, "I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

Though a similar assurance is not essential to our salvation, nor to the validity of our faith, yet it is highly desirable. It brings with it much real comfort, and defends from disturbing and distressing fears. It qualifies us to honour God, and bear a useful testimony to the grace of the Saviour. It should, therefore, be an object of pursuit; an object of earnest desire and of prayer to attain it; for thereby we gain a foretaste of eternal felicity, and do good to others who discern therein the advantages and consolations of true religion.

It is indeed to be much regretted, that many real Christians continue for a long period in a weak and doubting state of mind. They cannot realize their own certain possession of that unfeigned faith which unites the soul to Christ. There is a weakness or obscurity in their perception of the grounds of faith, or warrant to believe, which keeps them in bondage. They are afraid even to say that they possess that faith which works by love; of which, notwithstanding, they could hardly fail to be conscious, if they were rightly directed to judge of it by its effects in the heart and character. Perhaps

in some, this defect of joyful assurance springs from a natural timidity, a deep sense of unworthiness, a distrust of themselves, a dread of the sin of presumption, or such like cause. But it is a weakness which ought to be removed ; a cloud upon their vision which ought to be dissipated. There are divine means for producing and strengthening faith. Let these be employed. Let such persons search into the scriptural grounds and proper warrant of faith, and come with singleness of mind and fixedness of purpose to the divine foundation, which is Jesus Christ, in the divinity of his character, in the perfection of his redeeming work and mediatorial efficiency ; there resting as on a rock, let them commit the infinite issue of eternal life to the veracity and ability of the Saviour, as Paul did. Then they will possess the happy assurance of immortal life as he did ; and then they will calmly triumph over death in the dignity of an overcoming faith, as did our beloved friend.

III. We must proceed to notice the infinite worth of that deposit which Paul says he had committed to the hands of Jesus Christ. There can be no doubt that by the expression, "that which I have committed to him," he intends his immortal soul with its everlasting interests.

Consider thoroughly, and consider seriously, the worth of an immortal soul. You possess that principle of thought, of understanding, of emotion which will never die. Its essence is spiritual, immaterial, and immortal. It must endure when the frame of nature is changed and dissolved ; it will never cease to be what it is when separated from the body. Its glorious Creator has designed it for immortality, and his decree concerning it can never be annulled. Its properties of thought and feeling, of suffering and enjoyment, of hope and fear, even in its present state, are wonderful. Its untiring pursuit of knowledge, its eager desire of happiness, its passion for immortality, distinguish it among the most glorious works of the Almighty Creator. How it roves through the universe to satisfy its longings ! How it soars beyond the bounds of the visible creation, and pines to reach the fountain of eternal felicity ! But by sin it has suffered defilement, lost its integrity, wandered from its proper centre, and become exposed to perpetual disappointment here, and eternal remorse hereafter. It is deeply conscious of its forlorn and miserable state, though it cannot comprehend the awfulness of that destruction to which it is exposed. From the divine word we learn what is consonant to our own experience, that the soul has become an

exile from the favour and love of God. The means of its recovery are therefore matters of infinite moment. To know that it is redeemed, restored, and secured, as a precious deposit in a place of inviolable safety, is our first and chief concern. This was the sacred treasure which Paul committed to Jesus Christ, and concerning the eternal security of which he felt that calm and happy confidence which the text expresses.

Permit me to ask, therefore, have you ever meditated on the native excellence, the ineffable worth, the guilty pollution of your immortal soul? Have you ever inquired what is to become of it when its sojourn in the body is terminated? Have you ever ascertained who is able to keep it when it passes through the dark valley, when it enters the eternal world? Have you ever realized the thought of its eternal happiness, or eternal misery, which will soon with each of us be a matter, not of thought, but of experience? Behold, God has graciously provided the means of its recovery from sin, from guilt and death; and by the gospel of Jesus Christ security is offered for its eternal rest and rejoicing. Compared with these properties, concerns, and interests of your souls, everything earthly and temporal sinks into worthlessness and insignificance.

St. Paul had evidently considered the infinite

value of that immortal soul which he had so solemnly, yet so joyfully ventured to commit to the hands of Jesus Christ. All his hopes of immortal life rested upon the faith of the gospel. For the fruition of these hopes he had counted all else but loss. A man so sensibly alive to the worth of the soul, and the unutterable importance of its eternal state, would not have been satisfied with any slight grounds of confidence. Yet he expresses an entire satisfaction, a full assurance of hope, an exulting complacency in the ability of the Saviour to fulfil all his anticipations. On so momentous a matter as our soul's eternal happiness, no language can express the importance of possessing so bright a hope, so firm and reasonable a confidence. It is this alone which will enable us to say with the apostle, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Let us ever remember that it is the soul, the rational and immortal soul, whose interests can be rightly and fully estimated only when we can entertain some just conception of infinity and eternity, but whose inestimable worth may be

inferred from the price paid for its redemption ; it is this precious soul which is committed to the immutability and sufficiency of the foundation in which St. Paul gloried.

Put every interest of this world, every possession man can call his own, all the brightest things of empire, honour, riches, glory, and fame into competition ; let them be estimated at their highest price, set on their brightest pinnacles ; how mean and insignificant do they appear in contrast with that eternal life which is secured to every real Christian through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ ! The splendours of this world are but the pageant of a day ; they will soon be forgotten as a dream of the night, and lost as a gilded air-bubble floating upon the surface of the stream of time down to the ocean of eternity. The richest possessions and treasures of earth are but a toy for the amusement of an hour, and will all vanish as the colours of the rainbow, or be absorbed as the dew of the morning, and leave those who are trusting in them destitute, disappointed, and despairing.

With what solemn and searching emphasis does that question of Jesus Christ's go to every heart : " What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? or what shall a man give (*receive*) in exchange for his soul ? " The only answer that can be returned

Hill and Mr. Wilks. On that occasion Mr. Hill was accompanied to Sidmouth by Mr. Benjamin Neale, the son of James Neale, Esq. of St. Paul's Churchyard, and one of the leading members of the congregation at Surrey Chapel. This eminent and excellent young man had lately come into public notice, as an able and public-spirited friend of those great societies which had been formed for the spread of the gospel both at home and abroad, and was especially active for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the London Missionary Society. On that visit to Sidmouth he saw for the first time the subject of this memoir; became interested in her; commenced an acquaintance with her, and married her in 1812.

This marriage was to Mrs. Benjamin Neale a source of great happiness: the high respectability, the religious standing, and the comparative wealth of the family into which she had entered, and the cordial welcome with which she was received into its happy circle; the command it gave her of ample means and leisure for usefulness; the access it opened to her to the *élite* of the religious public in London; and, above all, the affection, the intelligence, the public spirit, and general esteem of her invaluable husband, combined to render her removal to town a cause of ardent gratitude, and

a source of as much pure and almost unmixed enjoyment as is often obtained in this world of change and sorrow. In her husband's family connexions she had a circle of friends rarely found by any wife. Her father-in-law, though somewhat peculiar, was a man of sterling integrity, great benevolence, and consistent piety; his wife was above all praise for spiritual religion, prudence, kindness, and beneficence, and for every virtue as a wife, a mother, and a friend. Of their children, two, Samuel and Cornelius, were educated at Cambridge. Samuel took orders, and was curate for the eminent Mr. Robinson, of Leicester, and died of consumption a few months after the marriage of his brother Benjamin. Mr. Cornelius Neale was one of a thousand. He was a man of great and various talents, and as amiable and lovely in his spirit and temper, as he was eminent for his intellectual powers. He attained to distinction in departments of knowledge rarely united, having been Senior Wrangler, and carrying off the highest classical prizes at the same time, and withal possessed of high poetic talent, as is evinced by a volume of beautiful and tasteful poems published by him soon after he left Cambridge.*

* Mr. Cornelius Neale, though of so much worth both as a literary and moral man, was not a partaker of spiritual and experimental religion, till after the decease of his bro-

In such a circle, and in such circumstances, it might well be imagined how happily Mrs. Benjamin Neale lived in wedded life. But the foundations of all earthly bliss are laid in the dust, and its top-stone is brought forth amidst harsh and portentous voices crying,

ther Benjamin. He married a daughter of Dr. John Mason Good, and after a short term of domestic felicity, was seized with symptoms of the complaint which had proved fatal to his brothers Samuel and Benjamin. Literature and domestic happiness were found insufficient in that awful hour when a ruptured blood-vessel brought death near. Divine grace sanctified the visitation. He recovered his health so far as to take orders, and for a few years to discharge with exemplary diligence, sanctity, and fidelity the duties of a clergyman, and then left the world, amidst the grief and surprise of all that knew him,—that such rare talents, combined with piety and humility, still more rare, should so early be taken from this disordered state, where such qualities are so much wanted to remedy the wide-spread evil of the fall. His widow has first printed, for private circulation, and subsequently published, a beautiful memoir of this inestimable man. Besides the three sons, Mr. Neale, of St. Paul's Churchyard, had a daughter, who married John Dalton, Esq. of Peckham, and who died a little while before her brother Cornelius, leaving nine children, of whom three are devoting themselves to the work of the ministry, as faithful preachers of Christ's glorious gospel. May the mantle of their sainted relatives fall upon them, as well as upon their cousin, the Rev. Mason Good, son of Mr. Cornelius Neale, and make them abundantly successful in their high vocation.

"Vanity of vanity, all is vanity." In little more than two years after their marriage, Mr. Neale was attacked with hæmorrhage from the lungs. A lingering illness of two years more followed, which neither medical skill, nor the most devoted affection of one of the most devoted wives could arrest, and the tomb closed over this excellent man. His decease was a public loss, and universally felt and acknowledged to be such. There were few men of his day from whose talents for private business in committees, and public speaking on the platform, as well as for diffusive liberality, so much was expected as from him. How true is it that death is the enemy of the church and the world. Thank God, it is the last, and that all its ravages and mischiefs are to be repaired at the resurrection, when it is to be swallowed up in victory.

The muse of the sweet poet of the family touched his lyre on the occasion of this sad bereavement, and poured forth, in an address to his mother on her birthday, the following beautiful and mournful verses :—

Oh, weep not for him, 'tis unkindness to weep,—
The weary weak body hath fallen asleep ;
No more of fatigue or endurance it knows.
Oh, weep not,—oh, break not the gentle repose.

He sleeps—oh, how kindly—on Jesus's breast !
Never more the sick dreamings shall trouble his rest ;
And her lips, that would healing and comfort restore,
Shall burn his cold lips and cold cheeks never more.

Weep not that so soon he is gone to be blest :
He gave to his God the first hours and the best.
Can the labourer cease from his labour too soon ?
He wrought all the morning, and rested at noon.

Short, short was the circuit his sun journey'd through ;
But the air was unruffled, the heaven was blue ;
And the clouds, the thick clouds, that hung round him
at night,
Only caught, and more richly reflected his light.

We gather the flower when full in its bloom,
While brightest in colour, and best in perfume ;
And the victim was given to God in old time,
Without spot, without blemish, a male in his prime.

Then, weep not.—Ah me, as I say it, I weep !—
The wound is too cutting, the sorrow too deep.
Weep on,—it is nature will have it,—weep on,—
We speak of his graces,—those graces are gone.

Dear mother ! I turn to each birthday of thine ;
What sorrowful chances have mark'd thy decline !
The winds blow sad music, the yellow leaves fall,
And winter comes gloomily, wrapt in a pall.

Yet murmur not, murmur not,—His the decree,
Who is better, far better, than ten sons to thee.
Though writhing and smarting, yet welcome the rod,
Though in doubt and in darkness, oh, lean on thy God !

In connexion with this painful bereavement, I shall introduce an extract from her papers, containing Mrs. Neale's reflections upon that event, and her prayerful solicitude to walk consistently in her new and mournful condition as a widow:—

“ December 31st, 1816. Brought nearly to the close of another year, I would endeavour to look back on the way in which the Lord has led me. May His spirit enable me to review the mercies, the trials, the bereavement, and the supports which I have experienced in it, and to be deeply humbled before Him for all the ingratitude, rebellion, and forgetfulness of Him which I have manifested.

“ At the commencement of the year, my hopes of my dear husband's recovery were very sanguine; but was there that acknowledgment of God in that mercy which there ought to have been?—Did I not rejoice in the gift and forget the Giver?—How little was God in all my thoughts, while I was full and abounded with temporal good; and how justly did He visit my sins in the person of one dearer than myself! How often, when I saw him sinking, did my heart reproach me; and how much *now* do I feel the need of the blood of sprinkling to cleanse me from the sins connected with

this affliction ! and oh, may I never forget to acknowledge the mercies which were so graciously mingled with this cup of sorrow !—what favour to the dear departed in the peace of his mind, in the spirituality which he so constantly manifested, in his bright hopes of glory, and evident meetness for it ! That that view of his health to which his natural spirits were unequal, was so mercifully concealed from him ; and that my health was so wonderfully continued as to enable me to render him those services which his affection so highly prized ! And whatever pain and suffering may be appointed for me, may the Lord enable me to look back to the mercy of this period, and thence derive a powerful motive to submission. The events of this year can, I think, never be *forgotten*,—may their impression never be *weakened*. I think I may say that the Lord has, in a measure, blessed this severe trial. I trust my mind is more spiritual ; the world has no longer any charms, and the thought of leaving it exhilarates my mind, and could I be assured of my interest in redeeming love, I should be thankful to be immediately removed. But, alas ! my experience gets no higher than desires. I would love and serve God as his people do above,—I would be perfectly conformed to the image of his Son, and have every

action, word, and thought under the influence of His spirit. I humbly hope this is what I most earnestly seek at a throne of grace ; but such is the deadness of my heart in duty, that I sometimes doubt whether I know anything experimentally of the gospel. Lord, quicken this dead heart ; fix these wandering thoughts ; come and take possession of my whole soul, and meeten me for thy kingdom. Let not my heart be ungrateful for the mercies thou art pleased to continue to me ; make me thankful for exemption from pain, for the blessing of Christian friendship, for the abundant means of grace, the ample provision Thou hast made for all my temporal wants, and for the privilege of administering to the necessities of others. And here, Lord, I would look up to Thee for grace to guide and keep me ; may I only account myself a steward of *Thy* bounty ; direct me in the bestowment of it ; let my eyes always be up to Thee, and make plain the way in which I should walk. Save me from my easily besetting sins, especially from pride, that busy sin which spoils all that I perform. Give me clearer views of the extent of Thy law, that I may see my need of pardon for the best duty I ever performed. Save me from seeking the approbation of men, from those risings of anger which I so often feel, from impatience and peevishness,

and from seeking my own ease and comfort when they come in competition with Thy service, or the welfare of my fellow-creatures. Save me especially from hypocrisy; make me sincere and upright before God and man. Give me much of the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and may it be my meat and drink to do Thy will. Enable me to come in faith to-night to the open fountain. Give me a sense of pardon through the blood of sprinkling; may I be deeply humbled for sin, and earnestly desirous of that holiness without which no man can see the Lord. If I am spared to see the coming day, may I be enabled solemnly to dedicate myself to Thee, and do Thou graciously accept me for the Saviour's sake."

During the early part of her widowhood, and indeed till the death of Mrs. Neale, senior, who became a widow in the first year of her son's marriage, Mrs. Benjamin Neale and that aged saint lived together, like Naomi and Ruth, in the sacred fellowship of love and grief. At the decease of her mother-in-law she gave up house-keeping and went into lodgings. Left with a handsome independency, she might have made a greater appearance than she did, and have commanded the enjoyment of a respectable, though by no means a splendid establishment.

But she was actuated by a higher and holier ambition, and chose to adopt a frugal style of living, that she might have the more to give away. Her own expenditure rarely exceeded one-third of her income; the rest was consecrated to the glory of God and the good of man.

Her marriage had brought her into a close intimacy with the Rev. Rowland Hill, who regarded her with the interest and affection of a father. With him she spent much of her time, both in London, and at his residence at Wotton-under-Edge. She once visited Hawkstone, with Mr. Hill, and was received with great courtesy by Sir John Hill and the Rev. Bryan Hill, his two brothers.

The Rev. Edwin Sidney, in his Memoir of Mr. Hill, gives the following incident:—“At the close of his life he was walking on the Terrace at Hawkstone, when he remarked to a lady who was with him, and who had witnessed the affectionate attentions which were paid him by Sir John Hill and his family, ‘You have seen how I am now received here; but in my youth I have often paced this spot bitterly weeping, while by most of the inhabitants of yonder house I was considered as a disgrace to my family. But,’ he added, whilst the tears fell down his aged cheeks, ‘it was for the cause of God!’” The lady with whom

he was then walking, and to whom he communicated the account of the persecutions he endured from his family, was my beloved and honoured wife, with whom he was more unreserved on his early history and family affairs than with perhaps most, if I may not say with any, individual living.

Soon after the death of Mrs. Neale, sen. her daughter-in-law was called to sustain another painful bereavement in the death of an individual who bore too intimate a connexion with her history to be passed over in silence,—I mean Mr. Robins, her maternal uncle. This gentleman, when his niece had been early deprived of the superintendence and protection of a father, retired with a comfortable independency, as a bachelor, from a lucrative occupation, and came and resided with her, and her mother at Sidmouth. He was a man of great good sense, much kindness of disposition, and possessed of such amenity of manners, as to be universally respected. He loved and watched his young relative, as she grew up, with the affectionate interest of a parent, and was repaid by her with the gratitude, obedience, and devotedness of a child: but though a man of irreproachable morals, he was a stranger to vital and experimental religion till the close of life. His niece, when her own heart became the sub-

ject of divine grace, naturally felt a deep solicitude for the eternal welfare of this friend of her youth and of her mother. She prayed, and in a discreet manner, laboured for his salvation; and I have heard her relate the joy which she felt on witnessing the first indications of a growing seriousness of mind, when she saw him lay aside the newspaper on the Sabbath, to exchange it for the Bible. Her joy was greatly increased by the fact, that when the chapel was built, he gave ten guineas towards its erection, a donation which betokened to her mind something more than a desire to gratify her wishes and promote an object near to her heart. When the building was opened for worship, he was induced occasionally to attend, influenced perhaps, in part, by his niece's incipient connexion with Mr. Neale, and by the respectability of some of her associates, who attended there for worship, especially the late excellent Lady Barham, with whom, as well as with her daughter, now the Honourable Mrs. Thompson, she had become personally, and somewhat intimately acquainted. Mr. Robins had rejoiced with Mrs. Benjamin Neale as a wife, had wept with her as a widow, and now began to enter, in some measure, into her views as a Christian. One Sabbath, while he was hearing the gospel in the chapel, he was seized with paralysis, sank

down in the pew, and was carried out never to return. As soon as the intelligence of his illness reached his devoted niece, who still resided in London, she determined, though in very indifferent health,—and it was the depth of winter, when so deep a snow lay upon the ground as to render the roads, in some places, all but actually impassable,—to hasten to the bed-side of her beloved relative. She had the richest recompence which a generous heart could receive from such an event, by witnessing the delight which her coming gave the object of her solicitude; for such was his confidence in her attachment and devotedness, that he knew nothing but absolute impossibilities would prevent her from setting out: and when her arrival was announced, he exultingly exclaimed, to those who stood round him, and who had endeavoured to persuade him that the distance was too great, the weather too inclement, and her health too delicate, to allow her to come,—“I told you she would be here.” He soon after died, not without leaving her in hope of his being possessed of saving faith in Christ; and it was her grateful and frequent avowal, that his conversion alone was an ample reward for all the labour and anxiety she had incurred in the building of the chapel.

It was a little more than a year after this, that

it was my great felicity to receive Mrs. Neale as my wife. We were married by her venerable friend, Mr. Rowland Hill, at Blackfriars' Church, on February the 19th, 1822. She then became my counsellor and comforter amidst the difficulties, duties, and trials of my sacred office. Her entrance upon such a situation was rendered somewhat more arduous, by her succeeding one of the purest and gentlest spirits that ever blessed a husband's heart and home, or pleased his relatives and friends; whose memory, though she had been dead more than three years, had lost none of its fragrance, and whose name was still cherished with a fond affection, by the wide circle which she had delighted and edified by her mild and gentle virtues. But this second wife of the pastor suffered nothing from comparison with the first; as the first, by those who remember her, suffers nothing in comparison with the second. With what prudence, kindness, and diligence the subject of this record conducted herself, all her fellow members of the church, and especially the Deacons and the poor can tell. Her course was active and influential, without being either officious or busy; it was neither curious nor offensive towards any, but cautious and silent; always unobtrusive, and therefore more efficient and beneficial. Whom in the wide range of

our large congregation did she alienate? Whom did she offend? When did she ever molest the quiet of her husband's mind, by disturbing the harmony of his flock? When did she ever engage his time, or perplex his thoughts, to repair the breaches made in his friendships, or remove the obstacles thrown in the way of his usefulness, by a mischievous imprudence? Though she was found more frequently in the humble dwellings of the poor, than in the houses of the wealthy, yet this was not from the pride of condescension, but from principle; not because she undervalued the friendship and attentions of the one, but because she pitied the other, and was more anxious to be useful than to be entertained; more concerned to minister to the temporal and spiritual necessities of the destitute, than to receive respect and enjoy the pleasures of refined society. This accounts for the circumstance, not unknown nor unnoticed, and by some not unregretted at the time, that of late years she rarely went into parties, even of our own congregation; concluding, as did her husband, that it is difficult to render them sufficiently instructive or improving to compensate for the time which they abstract from other and more useful occupations.

To have filled, with such general satisfaction, a sphere so wide, and in which there are so

many and such different classes to be duly respected and conciliated, without giving occasion of offence to any, — to have behaved herself so holily and so blamelessly, as that the word of the Lord by the lips of her husband should not be hindered but aided, is a proof, not merely of human prudence, but of divine guidance, and of special grace, — and to God she was ever foremost to ascribe the praise.

How assiduously she cherished that life, and watched over that health, which, without vanity or undue self-valuation, I may say are dear, if not to others, yet to my attached flock; how tenderly she soothed ministerial solicitude; how wisely she counselled pastoral anxiety; how efficiently she lightened its burdens, and cheered its disappointments; how cautiously she endeavoured to conceal, or, if it could not be concealed, to diminish whatever she thought would annoy, and to bring forward what would encourage and animate; in short, with what propriety she exerted that influence, which the wife of a minister, who is respected as well as beloved by her husband, must have in rendering his situation pleasant to himself, and useful to his people, all who knew her may imagine, but only one sorrowful heart can fully know and feel: and with what sorrow this description of her worth is penned, and this picture looked

at in the absence of the original, by her once happy companion, God, who comforteth those that are cast down, alone knows, embittered to him as is the recollection of all this now lost, together with her tender, skilful, and comforting ministrations in the fluctuations of health, and the tremulousness of feeble nerves. What a help-meet he has lost; what a promoter of every good work; what a prompter to zealous exertion; what a stimulator to all that is noble, generous, and liberal, he has been called to surrender, he would, but cannot tell.

That I have not over-rated the estimation in which my dear wife was held by the church of which she was a member, is evident from the following affecting letter; the occasion of which was this:—In her love and solicitude for the welfare of the church, she requested me, some months before her decease, to bear from her sick chamber to its members a message expressive of her affection for them; of her gratitude for the sympathy they had shown; and of her ardent prayers for their increasing holiness. The message was delivered at one of our sacramental seasons, and produced a state of feeling not easily to be described through the whole community, then assembled round the table of the Lord. On the following Good Friday, which was but a few days afterwards,

when the church was again assembled for the purpose of solemn humiliation and prayer, they adopted, after the Pastor had retired, the following letter, which was presented to him by the Deacons.

“ To our honoured and beloved Pastor in his affliction.

“ We, the members of the church placed under your pastoral care by the Great Shepherd, and now assembled together as one body, desire to unite in one heart and with one voice to express our affectionate sympathy with you, now that you are bowed down in submissive suffering under the hand of your gracious Father. We have long been the anxious witnesses of your affliction, and have watched with you, and felt for you, under all the vicissitudes of hope and fear, which have alternately flattered or depressed you. We feel, too, that our efforts to mitigate your sorrows have been but feeble and ineffectual ;—our pity can but weep where most it loves ;—but we have remembered you and yours, in our approaches to that Throne of Grace, whereon is seated One that knows and loves you well ; who, in the person of His beloved Son, is touched with the feeling of your infirmities ;—who pitieth you as a

father pitieth his children, and who can effectually help you; and we believe that fervent prayer *has* availed much to the strengthening your faith, and causing consolation to abound where affliction has so much abounded.

“But it is not our only object at present, dear sir, to express our sympathy for *you*, though this were worthy a more full and a more tender effusion of our hearts.

“On the last Sabbath, when we were holding communion with the Friend of sinners, and with each other, you delivered to us a message from one whose name is, and ever will be, dear to us. The expressions of her love overwhelmed our hearts, and the admonitions that accompanied them filled our spirits with solemn awe: the scene will never be forgotten by us, and we pray and hope it may always be practically remembered.

“We now beg leave to acknowledge, *through you*, Mrs. James’s tender and affectionate remembrance of us, and to express our grateful reception both of that and of her more solemn admonitions; but we cannot be content with this simple acknowledgment: we look back with thankfulness to the *Giver of all good* through a course of twenty years,—(and in the retrospect, O, how short it seems!)—we feel that you and we have derived unnumbered benefits from the

relationships in which we respectively stood to the object of our present affection and sympathy — we rest with mingled emotions of delight and sorrow upon the recollections of the graces with which the great Head of the Church has qualified her for her important and responsible station as the help-meet of our beloved pastor. To speak particularly of those graces by which the church has been instructed and comforted would be grateful to our hearts, but we feel that the mention of them would disturb those sacred feelings of humiliation, which would not for a moment relinquish the position of a penitent before the cross, nor forget the prayer of the publican. We would therefore magnify the grace of God in her, and trace up every benefit and blessing to His bounteous hand; but surely we may, we must love the instrument through whom they have been received.

“Many of us in the humblest stations of life, and many others better known in the world, shall ever cherish the most lively and grateful recollections of kindness to us in the chamber of sickness, or when overtaken by the various forms of human calamity and distress; when the appearance of our sympathizing friend was as though an angel of mercy had visited our habitations, sent from above to pour consolation into our wounded hearts; and our faith

in the gracious retribution and promises of God is now strengthened, when we see or hear that the merciful obtaineth mercy, that the consolations which have been dispensed by her to others, now abound richly towards herself. We pray that the same holy consolations may yet abound more and more in the experience of our dear and honoured friend, until, as a living temple of the Holy Spirit, she is filled with all the fulness of God, even of his light, and love, and joy.

“ We again unite in one heart and with one voice, in offering our love and thankfulness to God, and to his suffering yet comforted saint, for all the various and numerous benefits we have received and enjoyed by her means; and we pray that our eternity may be spent together in ascribing all glory and praise to Him from whom these and all our other blessings do continually flow, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.”

In what manner this beautiful and tender effusion of the sympathies of a whole church affected the mind and the bodily frame of her whose sufferings had called it forth, will be seen in a future part of this Memoir.

The activity of my late wife was not exclusively confined to the circle of our own con-

gregation. Among other public objects in which she took a deep interest, and to which she in one way or other gave her support, was the British and Foreign Bible Society. Of the Ladies' Association in aid of that institution in this town, she was one of the officers. How her services in that cause were appreciated by those who had an opportunity of witnessing them, and could most correctly estimate their value, is evident from the following minute, passed at a meeting of the committee, held June the 18th, and entered on their books.

"The Committee, sensible of the irreparable loss they have sustained in the removal of their late highly respected and valued Minute Secretary, Mrs. James, are anxious to bear testimony to her unwearied assiduity, zeal, and devotedness in the discharge of the duties of that office, from the formation of the Association to the close of her life,—her unceasing anxiety for the welfare of the Bible Society, will ever be remembered by those who had the privilege of observing it."

In such manner did this departed saint *live* amongst us for more than nineteen years as a blessing, the worth of which we *thought* we justly appraised while we held it, but whose value now comes upon us in a manner which proves to our aching hearts that all our previous

calculations were far too low. Though her frame was delicate, her health was generally good for the greater part of her time in Birmingham. On our return from London, after the May meetings in 1839, and indeed during our stay in the metropolis, she complained of indisposition, which continued, and soon rendered it indispensable to call in medical advice. It was discovered that some serious internal disarrangement of the system had commenced, which neither skill nor attention could arrest.

During the early part of her illness, and indeed till within a few months of her decease, it scarcely ever occurred to *me* that her illness would prove fatal; but to herself, I am persuaded, it was a matter of conviction from the commencement of the attack. She received it as the sentence of death, and never attempted to disbelieve or forget it by any illusive hopes of recovery. The first distinct intimation of her views on this subject, which I recollect to have received from her, was a very affecting one. It was her custom after public worship to remain seated in her pew, till I came to her from the vestry. One Sabbath evening I was detained rather longer than usual, and did not come to the chapel till the whole congregation had retired, and the lights, with the exception of one or two, had been extinguished. To a remark

which I made on her being so long alone, she replied in a solemn but not mournful tone, "Yes, and I have been reflecting on the time when the congregation will again retire, and leave me alone;" alluding in this expression to her expected interment in a vault beneath the pulpit, which was already occupied by the wife of my brother James. With calm and dignified composure she had been looking on her burial-place, and anticipating the moment when she should sleep by the side of her sister-in-law, beneath the sound of her husband's voice, floating the blessed words of life and incorruption over her mouldering frame.

She continued, as far as the nature of her disease allowed, for some time, her active duties in the house, and her visits of mercy to the habitations of the poor. Her usual cheerfulness continued with her. Disease and growing weakness never spread a gloom over her countenance; and to the remarks of surprise which, up to a late period of her life, were made by many of her friends on not finding her so ill as they expected, she said, "They are deceived as to my real condition and the extent of my feebleness, because I do not adopt the tones of sickness." When unable any longer to walk considerable distances, she would still be driven in the carriage to the scenes of poverty and to the house of God.

It is not an uncommon effect of long continued illness, that it renders the subject of it peculiarly selfish. Suffering tends to concentrate all our solicitude and attention upon ourselves, and to make us wish that others should think almost as exclusively upon us as we do upon ourselves. Not so with the subject of this brief Memoir. As her disease progressed with its attendant enfeebling effect, it became necessary to invent and apply contrivances for the mitigation of distress; for, though she was for a long while mercifully exempted from much severe pain, yet her weakness and inconvenience, in other respects, were extreme. The advantages which God's bounty enabled us to procure with ease and expedition, she was anxious to extend, by her liberality, to the poor. In pursuance of this benevolent wish, she ordered six sets of good-sized pillows, and bed linen to be made and deposited in the hands of different members of our church, for the use of those of our members and others who might be benefited by such a loan. She was led to this species of relief by having often observed how scantily the poor were provided with pillows; and her own case had taught her what a comfort is such a prop to an aching or a weary head in the season of sickness. Other contrivances which ingenuity has devised for the relief of suffering humanity in a time of disease, were

purchased under her directions for the comfort of the poor. In all this she discovered the same kind and merciful consideration for the wants and woes of the destitute, which had formed a lovely trait in her character during life. Every winter she laid in a large stock of flannel and calico for distribution, and always kept several flannel gowns for lending to the sick.

Nor was her generous solicitude for the comfort of others confined exclusively to the relief of their *temporal* necessities. On one occasion I presented her with a copy of a very useful little work, published by the Tract Society, and entitled "Select portions of Scripture for the afflicted, especially the sick." Having been much comforted by it, she had nearly fifty copies purchased and brought to her sick chamber, and then sent them out, sealed up, and bearing an inscription on the fly-leaf written by her own hand, to such members of our church, and also to such other persons as she supposed would value the gift, both for its own sake, as appropriate to their circumstances, and that of the giver: and these are now cherished as a precious legacy by those who felt themselves favoured to receive this token of her considerate regard.

My beloved wife continued her attendance at public worship longer, perhaps, than was pru-

dent, considering her great debility; but she loved the habitation of God's house, and had a keen relish of the provisions of His holy temple. The last time she was permitted to be there was on the third sabbath evening in January, when she found herself so feeble, that she resolved no more to attempt it. It was her usual custom on going to chapel, always to accompany me through the yard to the vestry, and to come from thence to her pew by the side door: but on that evening she was so feeble that I led her to her seat through the front door, and up the middle aisle. She remarked afterwards with great composure, that I conducted her to her seat the first time she occupied it, alluding to the period of our marriage, and the last, for that she should never return to it. It was not the *sabbath* day services alone which were her delight, but the prayer-meetings, the week-day sermons, and especially the church-meetings. In her attendance on all these she was a pattern; and often did she express her surprise, how any professing Christians could absent themselves from such seasons of spiritual instruction and enjoyment.

On being compelled to relinquish her seat in the house of God, and content herself with such means of grace as her own habitation afforded, she uttered not a murmuring expression, nor manifested a single indication of impatience.

If on a sabbath morning when I left her to fulfil my duties in the sanctuary, a tear glistened in her eye, it meant no more than love to the service, but not dissatisfaction at being denied the privilege of attending upon it: and that tear was alway accompanied with a devout and fervent aspiration for my usefulness.

From the time of giving up her attendance at the house of God, she began to speak more frequently and more familiarly on the subject of her approaching departure. It had been her disposition, and her attempt, to do this before to a much greater extent than I had courage to bear. Death was evidently a subject with which she was daily conversant. I do not believe that for the last eighteen months the idea of recovery ever entered her mind: and it would seem almost impossible, except on christian grounds, that one so cheerful, so easy, so capable even yet of enjoying many of the sources of earthly happiness, could be in her own conviction a dying woman. Her views of her condition came out, not in set discourse, when the mind had gathered up its energies, for the purpose of speaking on the subject of dissolution, but incidentally as circumstances arose which in any way led to it. It was neither sought for, nor obtruded, as if to display and parade her fortitude; nor avoided through fear and alarm; but

was mentioned as a topic that was interwoven with her very habitude of reflection. Her decease was never alluded to in a manner unbecoming the solemnity of the subject; and yet with a composure and ease that betokened the entire absence of dread and dismay. It was not the cold, imperturbable calmness of philosophy, of which the utmost praise is, that it does not fear, but was the peace of faith and the joy of hope so vanquishing the love of life and dread of death, as to make its subject contented to remain or willing to depart, as should be most for God's glory and her own eternal welfare.

During her long illness she was ever ready to converse on religion, the only subject which had now the smallest power to engage her attention, or to interest her heart. It was not till the commencement of this year, that the thought occurred to me of recording, after I had left the room, any of her remarks: but it then struck me, that a few pages of her own observations would convey to her numerous friends a more correct estimate of her matured piety and peaceful state of mind, than any description which I could furnish in my own language.

The following are but specimens of the usual strain of her conversation. The remarks which I record did not always flow continuously as they are here set down: as some of my own,

my chapel ; and now I have family prayer in it, I seem scarcely to miss anything."

Sunday, Jan. 31.—She was a little affected at the idea of not going to chapel, and said, " I have felt solemn at the thought that I shall go no more to the house of God. I feel nothing at the idea of not again enjoying the sunshine and the scenes of nature, but there is something solemn in the last visit to the house of God. I was more affected this morning with this than I thought I should have been, or ought to have been. I thought my submission was more entire.

" I conceive it a peculiar mercy, considering the structure of my mind, that all doubt and suspense are over, that my case is decided—that I *know* how it will terminate.

" I am sometimes sorely tempted to self-righteousness ; yet I am sure I *have* done nothing, and can *do* nothing, to merit heaven. If salvation depended on a single good deed of mine, I must be lost. My dependance is entirely upon Christ ; yet I do not feel as I could wish. I have not that degree of enjoyment which some have. How much is there yet to be done in me ! How it pains me to hear what some of my friends say to me in a way of commendation ! but it makes me more humble, and fills me with a sense of unworthiness."

February 6.—" I have been looking into my

state, and if the raptures of Isabella Campbell,* and some others, be necessary to saving faith and salvation, I do not possess it; but if a simple dependance on Christ be evidence of safety, then I am safe. I understand coming to Christ to mean an entire conviction of sin, and a reliance on him for salvation. Sometimes I want to feel a more entire persuasion that I do now depend, and that all is safe; and yet when I look at God's dealings with me, I cannot and will not doubt of my being in Christ, and that God intends to save me. The calm and peace of my mind are so great, so unlike and contrary to the natural irritability of my mind, that it surprises me, and sometimes leads me to say, can it be delusion? I am so wonderfully calm, that it excites apprehension. I did not expect raptures; it is contrary to my disposition.

"I have been thinking of my past history, and calling to recollection many things, and in considering the best actions, those in which my friends saw much they professed to admire, I see now such a mixture of motive as makes me utterly ashamed to think of them. I regard them as one does some object disagreeable to him, and from which he turns away with dis-

* A female that died in Scotland, whose memoirs were published under the title of "Peace in Believing."

gust. Instead of seeing in them any merits, anything to justify me before God, I see enough in them to ensure my condemnation.

“In regard to my continuance here, though I see nothing on earth that is repellent, and though I have much to make life desirable, yet I see such glory in heaven that I cannot wish to remain. Yet it is not so much the world I turn from, and that makes me willing to go, but the Church; this is so different from what it should be, and its members are so short of what I wish to see, that I seem quite willing to leave it. My early religious friends are all gone. If some such message were sent to me as was sent to Hezekiah, that fifteen years should be added to my life, and that I should thus live to three-score years and ten, I believe it would be afflict-
ing to me. I am thankful for all surrounding circumstances; that all are so tranquil; that I am not driven away in a storm of distress or poverty; that I see you in health; that the Church is in peace, and that S. A. is not confined to her bed by her weakness.”

The conversation then turned upon the evidences of conversion, and the necessity of a change of taste, even in what may be considered minor matters, as a proof of this. She then said, “I am more doubtful about the conversion of those who retain their fondness for dress and

vanity, from recollecting how it was with me; when I became anxious about my soul, all this frivolity died in me. I was once very fond of dress, as far as my means allowed, but all died when I was seeking for eternal salvation."

February 9.—In the course of conversation, a remark was made upon the plausibilities of some systems of error, when she said, "Do not suggest any speculation, it may trouble me in thinking upon it. I do not want to have my thoughts diverted from the simple truths of the Gospel. My mind is equal now only to what is very simple; and, indeed, that alone can comfort me. Oh! what a mercy that the truths essential to salvation are so simple!" She dwelt with great delight on the expression, "Simple Truth."

On some of her friends retiring who had expressed a full persuasion of her going to glory, she remarked, "The confidence of my friends about my state makes me tremble. Oh! if I *should* be mistaken! The state for eternity is so tremendous that it is awful to think of a failure. Eternity is awful indeed! But I can say with Mr. Newton—

‘ Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall,
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I do not love at all?’ ”

February 12.—On hearing of some disagreements between Christians, and at the same time of some superstitious practises among some Protestants, she replied, “ Well, there is so much that is imperfect in the Church on earth, and so much superstition and Puseyism spreading over the nation, that I seem to hear a voice saying, ‘ You are going from the evil to come.’ ”

Sunday, Feb. 14.—“ I do not think I have had such an impressive sense of the Spirit’s influence as I ought to have. Everything depends on Him. He takes of the things of Christ and shows them to us. I have had some stupor and dulness, and this perhaps is the cause of it. Not that I want rapture—I prefer calmness, because it betokens less of what is bodily; some diseases by their very nature produce a kind of feverish excitement—I would rather be as I am.”

On returning from chapel in the evening I saw an extraordinary animation in her countenance, and the sparkle of calm pleasure in her eye. “ O, I have had such an evening,” she said. “ The dullness of the morning is all gone. I then went through many portions of Scripture and hymns mentally, but it was mere form and duty; but to-night I have had a season of great enjoyment. I have spent nearly two hours in entire solitude, and the stillness of the house

and the absence of every individual seemed delightful. You know I love to be much alone now. I have had clear views of the glory of Christ ; a firm sense of my personal salvation, and a full persuasion that all is right. I have been singing—I do not mean with my voice, but mentally,

‘ Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.’

I have been looking back through my whole life, and such a continuation of circumstances, such instances of God’s appearing for me, in bringing me out of the world, that I cannot doubt of His purposes of mercy towards me. Would He suffer me to be deceived, who have so earnestly prayed to Him not to allow me to be in self-delusion ? Would He do so much for lifting me up, to cast me down ! Is it consistent with our idea of His kindness ?

‘ My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And lie, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.’

“ I have had bright views of heaven. I began to think upon this and the other thing, but then came to mind that expression, eye

hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for them that love Him : and I gave all up that I could not understand, and felt quite willing to wait. I then dwelt upon that passage, ‘ Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord ; for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them :’ but I could not only not bear to think of my works going *before*, but even *following* me ; none of them seemed worthy to do *this*. Dr. M^cAll’s fine expression to you on his death-bed, ‘ That if the world were burnt to a cinder, that cinder would contain as much goodness as there seemed to be in him,’ does not go far enough ; not only is there no positive *goodness* in *me*, but so much sin, that I loathe myself.

“ I have been enabled to pray, ‘ Father, glorify Thy name.’ I could not pray to God to glorify Himself in my condemnation, it is not required, but in my salvation, and in anything connected with it. You know my horror of pain, but God can enable me to glorify Him by this. What are we redeemed for, but to glorify Him ?

“ I have had my mind much enlarged in prayer, not only for myself, but for the whole church of God. I have risen in a peculiar manner above all personal and relative concerns, and

dwelt on the church. You know my views, I am peculiarly interested *in* and engaged *for* the church universal; I see so much that is worldly, so much error creeping in, perhaps God will try it by the domination of Popery. The church needs to be sifted, tried, tested, there is a great deal of chaff in it; yet, as the prophet Obadiah says, ‘not a grain of wheat shall be lost.’ Oh! how little spirituality is there. If in company one person makes a spiritual remark, there is too often no response to it; and then, if any persons regret this, they are thought censorious. All systems must be tried; and something more excellent arise.

“I want to be holy. I have been anxious to be kept from disgracing my profession, but this is not enough; I want to be in a state to meet the eye of a holy God with approbation. I would not have a single unholy thought; but glorify Him privately.

“I do not like *some* of Dr. Watts’ hymns; their expressions in reference to the Saviour are too familiar, too low” (too much savouring of a creature’s love she meant). “There is such sanctity and glory in Christ’s character, that there should be reverence, as well as confidence.

“That verse has been upon my mind,

‘As with a seraph’s voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub’s wing!’

Performing with unwearied hands,
A present Saviour's high commands.' ”

A little while after she said, “ What a combination of mercies I have. *Everything* is merciful. If I were to conceive of the tenderest mother carefully watching her tender, sick child, making everything smooth and easy for him, it would not be more than the Lord is doing for me. This cannot be chance: yet sometimes I think it presumption to suppose all this is Providential arrangement for *me*. Yet, no, it cannot be presumption; it is all God's doing.

‘ In heaven I'll take the lowest seat,
The nearest to the Saviour's feet.’ ”

January 27.—“ I have so many mercies that it almost looks as if I were to have all my good things in this life. I do not *allow* a sinful *feeling*, yet I have such a sense of corruption as makes the thought of heaven sweet. As good Joseph Alleine says in the portion we read to-day,* ‘ We shall drop our corruptions

* This refers to a beautiful little work, entitled “Heaven opened,” by Richard Alleine, and in part by Joseph Alleine, author of the “Alarm to the Unconverted.” A very neat edition of this book is published by the Religious Tract Society, and is well worthy of perusal. I read it

with our body, when our spirit ascends to the skies, as Elijah did his mantle.' I should not value heaven, if it were not a holy state :

‘ There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin.’

As I have no notion of death as a purifying process for the soul, it seems to me, sometimes, surprising how so sinful a creature can be meet to go in and dwell with God. Then shall I be satisfied when I awake up in Thy likeness. When my illness came upon me, and it was probable that my activity and usefulness would be taken from me, I had no wish to live. I did not of course want to die for its own sake. I do not know that I have ever had a single desire contrary to God's will in reference to the matter of my illness and death. I am entirely satisfied with His will.”

March 3.—“ I have been dwelling much upon the witness of the Spirit, mentioned Rom. viii. 16. How much is at stake in the soul's salvation. If at any time a doubt of my safety arises, I feel I have no other dependence but upon Christ, and that the best way to get rid of the doubt is to determine, that if I have

through to my dear sufferer, in her chamber during her affliction, and a sweet fellowship of sacred comfort it afforded to us.

never gone to Christ, I will go now. When fear at any time arises, it is not so much a dread of hell, but it more respects the loss of heaven. I can truly say I hate sin; I never hated it so much as during this illness. Things which did not use to affect me as sin, do now.

"I feel as if it would be a disappointment to me to go back to health. I wonder, sometimes, that with so much to bind me to earth, I should be willing to go; I am sometimes afraid it is stupor; yet I hope not. Dr. Redford made a remark to me when he visited me in my chamber, which did me much good, 'Take heed while you are humble for sin, you do not dishonour God by denying the work of grace wrought.'

"I truly love God's image wherever I see it, and love that most which is most like God. Sectarian distinctions are in measure important, but ought not to affect, and do not affect, my love to God's image."

March 9.—Upon her remarking what an unspeakable consolation it is that all things are done according to the will of God, it was suggested that His will is not arbitrary and capricious, but *wise*, and that all things are done according to the *counsel* of His will. This gave her much comfort; and it was added, "There is the *counsel* of His will in this room." "Yes,"

she said, "and I would not have it otherwise if I could. It is more than acquiescence, it is approval, it is gratitude."

"I was thinking, the other day, that God's people, while they are in this world, are like the children of some great and rich man, who are sent away from home to be educated, very early in life, before they are capable of understanding their father's wealth and grandeur. While away, they receive letters and presents from their father, of whose circumstances they are told by their tutors, and are continually reminded of the purpose of their staying away—that it is to fit them to dwell at home; that many of their elder brothers and sisters have finished their education and are arrived at their father's house, and that the time is soon to come when they shall join them—reach their father's mansion, and see his glory."

Sunday, March 14.—Upon adverting to her detention from God's house, and confinement to her sick chamber, she said, "It is our duty not to pine for those privileges of which we are deprived, but to be grateful for those which are left. This should be the case in reference to all the privations of sickness. I rather dwell on what is left than on what is taken. I cannot have the privileges of God's house, but I have still privileges at home. I went as long as I

could with propriety, and it is a comfort to think I did ; for how terrible is it to lie on a sick bed deprived of the opportunities of public worship, and have to reflect on the neglect of them when we were in health. I cannot conceive of anything more painful in sickness than that. I bless God that, though I did not improve them as I ought, yet I did not neglect them.

“ It costs me no painful efforts to submit. I was naturally impatient. I had my own way too much when young, but I now give up all ; and as regards the future, I have no anxiety. I used to feel some dismay at the thoughts of *dying*, though not of the *consequences* of death ; but even that is all gone. I have been so mercifully dealt with in my sickness ; it has been so gentle a taking down, that I can entirely trust to Him for the end. He will support me.

‘ Though painful at present, ’twill cease ere ’tis long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror’s song.’ ”

Afternoon.—“ I am naturally active and restless, and I have been now for nearly two years laid aside, and consider it a remarkable mercy that I have been enabled to bear this long confinement with so much tranquillity. My calm is so great, that I am sometimes a little anxious lest it should be delusion ; yet this is, perhaps, a suggestion of Satan. I am entirely convinced that there is no happiness, and can be

none, but in entire subjection to the will of God. How *can* any one be happy but in such a state? To be in a condition where our will and God's are continually thwarting each other, how can that be happiness? Submission, however, is a very different thing from stoical apathy, and saying, 'Well, I cannot help it: I must bear it as well as I can.' It includes in it an approval of what God does, and a cheerful surrender to Him. I know that I am where I ought to be; it is the best place for *me*, because it is the place in which God would have me. My illness is long, but it is necessary. In some cases, the trials of God's people are sharp and short—the fire is fierce, and the dross soon purified away: in others, there is a long time of suffering, and the fire is slow, but it is for the same end. God said of the Israelites, that he kept them forty years in the wilderness to prove and try them—so He has been long proving and trying *me*.

"My views of heaven are not so lively as I could sometimes wish; but my frame of mind is that of a poor sinner, waiting at the foot of the cross to see what God will do with me—to suffer more or less, as he sees fit. A thought of coming back to life never enters my mind. Not that I am weary of life, even by trials and afflictions. I am leaving much; but God's will is to be done.

"I have been dwelling on that one word

‘SAFE,’ ‘SAFE.’ *O, what it is to be safe in Christ!*”

April 9.—On this day the affectionate and most tender letter of sympathy from the Church to myself, in response to the solemn message which I had borne to it of her devoted affection, was read to her. It was, perhaps, almost imprudent to read this epistle to her, yet, as it was in part concerning herself, and demonstrated the esteem and affection which were cherished for her by the members, it was scarcely just to her, or to them, to withhold it; but the hearing of it almost entirely overcame her, and it was with some difficulty she recovered. Her first words were, “I am a poor unprofitable servant. From the time I became the wife of a minister, it was my effort to be the servant of the Church. I have done but little. But, O, the kindness of my friends in thus gathering round me now! When Christ was betrayed, it is said the disciples all forsook Him, and fled from Him in his extremity, but all are trying to show me kindness in mine.”

April 10.—“O, what must Christ have felt when he cried, ‘My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?’ It seems to have come upon Him to the surprise of His human nature.

“I have lately had a little of my old horrors of self-deception return upon me, but it does not abide. I am thankful to God for preserving me

from impatience, and making me willing to remain here. I have not found a love to the world, or a wish to continue, any trial to me. I am willing to leave it. I seem already out of it. I seem to know no more about it than of the South Sea islands; but I feel a concern for its conversion to Christ. How blissful is the idea of a world brought to Christ — all rational creatures loving Christ! How I pray for it!

“ You know I told you I had *really* prayed, ‘ Father, glorify thy name in me,’ and you said it was a difficult petition if properly understood; but I think I meant it: and I consider God has done great things for me, in taking away the fear of death. I have lost all the little solicitude I had about this matter.

“ I have lately been thinking much upon Christ’s human nature and sojourn upon earth, and have almost envied the family of Bethany in their attentions to Him — but I shall see Him. Much of heaven is a mystery — its locality and the state of separate spirits and other things; but this is enough — I shall be with Christ. I am lost when I get beyond this. I have been repeating that beautiful hymn:—

‘ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place. ’

Sun and moon and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.”

April 15.—After a night of great suffering I found her much exhausted, but still equally tranquil. “I do not alter my prayer,” she said, “‘Father, glorify thy name.’ I am willing he should do this, any how. I alter not the condition—I do not draw back—it is all according to His covenant. Heaven will make amends for all. It is all right.” On receiving a little water, she looked up, and said, “‘They shall not thirst any more: the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of waters.’ O, it seems too good to be true for such sinners: but the Lamb shall do it. If Socinianism be true, I am a poor helpless idolater. I cannot form a conception of God apart from Christ. I cannot understand an Infinite Spirit. I think of God in Christ. I view Him thus, and receive all through Christ. I have been repeating Doddridge’s beautiful hymn, ‘Grace, ’tis a charming sound.’ ‘By grace ye are saved,’ was the text of the first gospel sermon I ever heard.”

Evening of the same day.—“I was at one time of my life much troubled with that passage, ‘Thou hast a name that Thou livest and

art dead.' I have felt a little of it this evening, and I will tell you how I met it. Christ said to the Jews, 'Ye will not come to me that ye may have life.' Now I *desire* to come—I *wish* to come—I *do* come. I come to Him as the way, the truth, and the life. I come to Him *for* life, life spiritual and eternal. I want life, and life from *Him*; thus I get rid of my fears."

April 17.—Upon asking what sort of night she had passed, she replied, *with a smile*, "One that I am thankful is not to return, and be endured over again. I have had great pain, but then I am thankful it was not worse, which it might have been. It is not pleasant to flesh and blood, but I feel it to be quite right. I have had some sweet reflections at intervals, especially on that expression, 'God's *loving-kindness*.' How tender that is, *loving-kindness*! He has indeed 'loved me with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness has he drawn me.' I have also been dwelling upon that verse of Kelly's,

'Around that magnificent throne,
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
His people united in one
For ever are singing his praise.
How holy, how happy are they!
No tongue can express their delight,
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for his heavenly flight.'

“It is a striking contrast to my painful and weary state ; but these pains do not depress my hope, for I know that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. And He *has* received *me* : and every beating pulse I tell leaves but the number less. It cannot be doubted that, on my own account, I should be willing to leave this state of weakness and suffering ; but if God calls me to suffer, I hope I am willing to wait. People say it is easy to bear weakness as long as there is no pain. Well, then, God is now calling me to the latter : I do not shrink. It is all right. Perhaps it is to glorify Him.”

April 18. Sabbath.—A day of peculiar tranquillity both of body and mind. “I have been thinking how glorious a state it will be when Christ shall reign throughout the whole world, and all be subject to Him : when there shall be no longer any need to say to the inhabitants of the earth, ‘Know ye the Lord, for all shall know Him, from the least even to the greatest.’

“I think I can say I have not a doubt that I love Christ : ‘Lord, Thou knowest all things ; *Thou* knowest that I love thee :’ and if I love Him, He loves me, for if He had not loved me first, I had not loved Him. ‘Whom have I in heaven but Thee ; and there is none upon

earth I desire besides Thee : when flesh and heart fail, Thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' I have had more enjoyment of assurance than ever.

" It is astonishing with what indifference I hear of accessions of disease : one symptom follows another ; but what does it signify ? — all will soon be over, and I shall lay down this ' vile body ' in the dust : but this corruptible shall then put on incorruption. I remember, when a child, hearing an anthem on those sublime words, and I have been singing it mentally in my poor way, ' This corruptible shall put on incorruption.' "

April 19.—After hearing the 13th chapter of John read, she said, " Wonderful condescension, to wash his disciples' feet ! Ah ! there should be more imitation of Christ in religion. With the views I now have, and the need there is of entire consecration to Christ, were I to begin again, I should spend much less upon myself. There should be less worldly show among professors of religion.

" I have been meditating upon that passage, and it has feasted me more or less for three days : ' Fear not, I am with thee ; be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' "

April 29th.—This was a very affecting morning, when she said, in sweet, tender accents, “In nineteen years, my love, there *must* have been *something* in me to forgive. If my temper has been at any time irritable, if in anything I have displeased you, I ask your forgiveness. I should have said much more about my departure, but I saw you could not bear it. I thought it probable I might have had to watch and nurse *you* in your last sickness; but it will not, perhaps, be needed. Like Dr. Conyers,* you may be carried from your pulpit to your grave. God will take care of you.” On my wiping a tear from her eye, as well as from my own, she repeated a part of those beautiful lines :—

“Hath she not slept as I could wish to sleep?
Hath she not slept in Jesus? Wherefore weep
Mine eyes? or why this tumult in my breast,
Since all around thee speaks eternal rest?
That sacred, silent hour that stopp’d thy breath,
And gave thy body to the dust of death,
I may not mourn; for then thy cares were done,
Thy sweet sabbatic hours were then begun;
There safely fix’d, where thou shalt never see
Such bitter tears as have been shed for thee.”

* Dr. Conyers, formerly a clergyman at Deptford, who had in life expressed a great dread of the act of dying; but who died suddenly in his pulpit.

May 6th.—“Give my love to the church; that church which I so much love. O that they may be a holy church, an example and a pattern to all the churches round for holiness. Tell the worldly among them, it will not do; the world will fail them when they need support.

“I have now found a verse in Dr. Watts which exactly expresses my views of the manner in which Christ ought to be spoken and thought of:—

‘Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
While all the shining ranks above
At humble distance bow.’

“That is it; softened majesty and awful love are the feelings appropriate to such a manifestation.”

May 17.—On recovering from temporary stupor she said, “He hath promised, ‘When thou passest through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.’ I thought I was dying last night. I long to be with Christ. I believe He will receive me, though a poor unworthy sinner.

‘A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing.’

“Christ is as the sun shining in his strength.

O, what a glory is there in Him ! I could no more bear to see it now [unveiled] than I could bear to look on the full blaze of the natural sun. He is divine. I am an idolater if He is not. God in Christ, and the atonement of Christ, are the only way of salvation for a sinner. All I desire is acceptance with God through Christ."

Soon after this, an accession of disease took place, followed by a series of convulsive attacks, which reduced her to such a state of extreme debility, both of body and mind, that it was only during intervals of consciousness that occasional remarks dropped from her lips. She was continually uttering petitions for patience for herself and all around her, intermixed with the most affecting expressions of gratitude for their services, and hopes that they would not be injured by their ministrations. She frequently uttered her longing desires to be with Christ, and wondered, though without murmuring, why she was detained from Him so long. She had not forgotten the meetings of the societies in the metropolis, but asked, with a kind interest in its welfare, how the anniversary of the Bible Society went off; and once said, "I am almost too weak to pray for a blessing on the great congregations assembled in Exeter Hall."

For the ten days that preceded her dissolution, we were not permitted to hear any con-

nected expressions. The mists of the dark valley gathered round the descending luminary, which set on earth, to rise in cloudless and celestial splendour on the hemisphere of glory, on June 3rd, about ten at night. We were round her bed at the time; but she fell asleep so gently, that we scarcely knew she had departed.

So lived and died that dear saint, who has lately gone from us to join the number of the spirits of just men made perfect,—to exhibit to the angels, and principalities, and powers in heavenly places, another rich, ripe fruit of the Father's electing love, the Son's redeeming blood, and the Spirit's sanctifying grace. What a transition from the weakness, and suffering, and clouded intellect of her death-bed, to the glory, unutterable and inconceivable, in the presence of God, did that one moment effect, when the last sigh died away in silence upon her lips, and the last throb of her labouring heart was over!

“And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”—Rev. xiv. 13.

As a general remark, it may be observed upon the foregoing statement, that her history,

in the earlier and closing portions of it, presents a beautiful combination of the active and passive virtues of our holy religion,—of the serving and the suffering Christian. Those who knew and witnessed her early career at Sidmouth, when, in all the ardour of her first love, she sought to serve her Lord by establishing His cause; or in London, where she became a co-worker in the kingdom of Christ with her excellent husband; or in the days of widowhood, devoted, not to useless grief or elegant seclusion, but to munificent liberality; or in the maturity of her Christian experience, when she gave herself up to promote the welfare of a Christian church, as the wife of its pastor,—beheld her the active follower of the Lamb. And now lately, when all this was over, and she was shut up in her house, and at last in her chamber, we have seen her bowing with a patience as willing as was her activity, to the disposal of her heavenly Father, for suffering and for death. Behold the work of grace! This is God's doing. Often, on referring to her tranquillity, and contrasting it with the natural activity of her disposition, which thought time long till it brought opportunities for doing something, she would ascribe it all to divine grace. This is what her sorrowing widower is anxious to do himself, and is equally anxious that others should do also;

and that all who read this account should glorify God in her.

As a proof, if anything beyond what has been recorded is necessary, to demonstrate her calmness in contemplating the gradual approach of death, it might be mentioned, that all her arrangements of posthumous matters, whether of business or affection, were singularly exact, minute, and tender. Hours and hours of her solitude were spent in examining all letters and papers in her possession, and in destroying such as she did not wish to survive her ; for she felt the most scrupulous and conscientious care not to leave behind her a single scrap, which by possibility could produce pain in any individual living. All her smaller love-tokens and memorabilia for her special friends were specified, and most of them sealed up and directed with her own hand, containing in some instances touching expressions of her regard and wishes : some of which, did the delicacy and sanctity of affection and deep grief allow of such a disclosure, would exhibit extraordinary proofs of the fortitude and tenderness of her love in those solemn moments, when it was contemplating the moment of separation from its endeared objects.

In reference to her obsequies, for they had not escaped her provident forethought, she left, in her own hand-writing, the following direc-

tions:—"I wish my funeral to be as plain and quiet as possible; and if, in compliance with custom, there must be pall-bearers, they may be the Deacons of the church, with whom I have had the privilege of acting so harmoniously in my humble efforts for the good of the poor members; but if my dear husband does not approve of this arrangement, I do not insist upon it." I did approve of it, and most closely followed it, as every way appropriate, and relieving me from the embarrassment of invidious selection.

This accords with the simplicity of her taste while living, in all personal and domestic habits; for though remote from fanatical notions, which, by destroying the distinctions of rank and station in society, would pervert Christian equality, and introduce social anarchy, yet it was her deep and settled conviction, that professing Christians are far too eager to be conformed, though not, indeed, to the *vices*, yet to the *follies* of the world; and often spend that money upon their dress, entertainments, and general style of living, which is required for the relief of suffering humanity, the spread of religion, and the salvation of souls.

As she lived esteemed and beloved, so she died. Her last illness, though so long, neither exhausted nor weakened the sympathy of her

friends, who displayed their *affection* while she yet lingered, by every device to promote her comfort, and their *respect* when she was no longer here, by every token of regard for her memory. Many of the shops in the streets through which the funeral procession passed were closed, and an immense congregation assembled in the chapel to witness the interment of her precious remains in a vault immediately beneath the pulpit of her husband: when a solemn and impressive address was delivered by my esteemed and honoured friend and brother, the Rev. Dr. Raffles of Liverpool; that beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts having been sung previously to the act of depositing the coffin in its silent resting-place:—

‘ Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
Awhile to slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the forms that slumber here;
And angels watch their long repose.

So Jesus slept. God’s dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.
Rest here, dear saint! till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth ! His sovereign word,
Restore thy trust, a glorious form :
She must ascend to meet her Lord.'

It is almost impossible, on reading the foregoing account, not to be struck with some predominant features of the general and religious experience of my beloved wife during her protracted illness; and others are now added which do not appear upon the record.

It has been seen how much she loved to be alone. Solitude had no gloom, silence no terrors, for her peaceful and heavenly mind. As long as her strength permitted, she availed herself of every opportunity to enjoy the air, and to pay her visits of friendship or mercy; and when that failed, she retired, not sullenly and silently, like a corrected and stubborn child, into penal confinement, but cheerfully, though solemnly, expecting that God would be with her, and relieve her solitude with his presence. It was affecting to witness by what slow progression she passed through all the stages of declining health, which led to the tomb. First, she gave up walking, and was driven out in the carriage; then she gave up the carriage, and was confined to the house; still she came down to dine with the family; then she never left the floor on which her chamber was situated,

but came occasionally into my study; then she remained in her chamber, but still sat up many hours each day, and walked to her sofa; then shortened the time of sitting up; then was carried for an hour to the sofa; and then, for the last month, confined to her bed, without being once removed from it. In reference to all this, she often dwelt upon the mercy of so gentle a taking down of the tabernacle. It was a source of gratification and thankfulness to her, that her long illness had not materially interfered with the discharge of my public duties. She never wished, and therefore never asked me, to give up a single service of any kind, to devote the time to her. Yet had we, notwithstanding, much time, without robbing God and his church, for reading, meditation, and prayer in her sick chamber. The *silent* companions of her solitude, next to her Bible, were Archbishop Leighton's beautiful Exposition of Peter; Joseph Alleine's Life and Letters; Richard Alleine's "Heaven Opened;" Doddridge's Hymns; and Bogatzky's simple little work, I mean his "Golden Treasury." With these no hours seemed long, no season gloomy. I scarcely ever, except when I parted from her for my work on a Sabbath morning, left her with a tear in her eye, and then only occasionally. The usual array of her countenance was that of a peaceful smile, which

seemed to be as the reflected beams of the light of the Divine countenance, in which she habitually dwelt.

I have already noticed her predominant gratitude for the mercies she possessed. Her conduct was a living, constant, and beautiful exemplification of the apostolic injunction, "In all things give thanks." She appropriated to herself the comfort arising from the belief of a Providence, which, in its beneficent arrangements, includes an attention to the minutest circumstances. She traced all the little alleviations which occurred during a long season of sickness, and all the seemingly trivial provisions which were made for her comfort, to the hand of God, and considered that Divine mercy extended to *little* things in the care of its blessed objects. Her eye, vigilant in watching the movements of her Father's hand, saw interpositions on her behalf, which, perhaps, had escaped the notice of others, and which supplied her heart with incentives to love and thankfulness, even as they filled her lips with thanksgiving and praise. How often did she repeat the words of the children's sweetest poet,

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more."

Thus her duty was her bliss, and by tracing all

to God, she realized Him as in her chamber, constantly about her bed, and ministering to her comfort.

Those who so kindly waited upon her, know how anxious she was to lighten their tasks of love, for all loved to minister to her, how solicitous she was about their health, and how studious to do as much as she could for herself, not to be burdensome to *them*. Never did an illness of such length impose so little oppressive fatigue on others; but this was, in considerable measure, through her own kindness and contrivance. All the services tendered were so courteously, gratefully, and gracefully received, that it was a pleasure, on that account, as well as on every other, to render them.

Up to the last two months of her decease she continued, as I have remarked, to give directions in reference to household matters, not from unwillingness to resign them into other hands, but from a wish not to be wholly useless in the family, and to feel that she was doing something for its comfort.

Such were her *general* habits during her sickness; and her spiritual ones were all in keeping with them. Never did grace more improve and brighten in the furnace than in her case. I do not claim for her any pre-eminent sanctity in

life above all others. By no means. But very few ever grew more in grace in the season of trial. I have no need to dwell upon her calmness and tranquillity. The serene composure of her thoughts has been sufficiently manifested in the foregoing pages. It was peace in believing,—a peace that passeth all understanding,—“peace like a river,” silent in its flow, because full and deep. This was the result of her faith in Christ. How entire and simple was her dependence upon that only foundation of hope towards God!

Her progress in humility was evident and delightful. In her earlier career, and perhaps through life, her besetting sin was a tendency to pride. She was in danger of feeling a consciousness of superiority of intellect and of character to many others; but how entirely had it vanished! How had the fire purified the precious gold from this dross! How low was she in her own opinion, and how lowly was her spirit and conduct towards others! The lowest seat in heaven, she seemed to think too high for her.

And then her meekness and gentleness, how lovely! Here again was the fruit of sanctified affliction, in subduing a natural proneness to excitability and irritability, over which many a tear has been shed, and many a prayer for sanc-

tifying grace presented. How soft and tender was her spirit, how kind and gentle was her language !

If patience, according to the assertion of the apostle James, completes the character, so that it is "perfect and entire, wanting nothing," hers in this qualified sense of the term was complete ; for her longsuffering was so exemplary, that I do not remember that I ever heard a single peevish remark upon the length, or severity, or hopelessness of her trial drop from her lips, from the beginning to the termination of her long protracted sickness.

Her longings after holiness were intense : nothing earthly seemed pure enough for her. If it were not that she included herself in her remarks on the low state of godliness in the hearts of God's professing people, they would have sounded to some as bordering upon censoriousness.

The record of her remarks shows how much her mind was occupied in contemplation upon the glory of Christ. That bright orb of the world of grace shone in upon her happy spirit, carrying warmth with the light of His precious beams, and attracting the eye of her faith as far as it could bear the bright effulgence. Christ as the foundation of her hope on earth as a sinner, and Christ as the object of her humble and

own imperfect works for pardon, and relied by faith entirely, confidently and joyfully, upon the blood and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. Her faith produced love; love, obedience; and her obedience was filial, cheerful, and delightful. She died to the world, and the world to her. She loved the church of Christ; pitied the unconverted world; hungered after righteousness; meetened for heaven; endured affliction with patience; longed to be with Christ, and overcame the sharpness of death by the power of faith. This was *her* religion, and it was scriptural, and took her to heaven; and it will take us to heaven if we possess it; and nothing short of this, will.

But we see here also the excellence of religion as well as its nature, and discern too that it is *most* excellent. It made her *holy*, by supplanting the love of the world with the supreme love of God, which is itself the germ of all holiness. It reformed her character, and constructed it upon the basis of faith, of holy and heavenly materials. Implanting the principles of grace in her soul, it educed them in all the beauties of holiness which spread over and adorned her character. Let us all, as professing Christians, listen to her dying testimony on the necessity of a more elevated tone of piety, a greater depth of devotional feeling, a more ethereal spirituality

in the church of the redeemed on earth. Dwelling as she did for months on the border country between heaven and earth, and favoured to ascend its Pisgah summit, she was enabled to form a tolerably correct opinion of what *is* and what *should be* the spirit and conduct of God's professing people; and her deliberate conviction was that the present generation of Christians want much more of the passive and heavenly graces of piety to unite with and sanctify their active virtues.

Religion made her *useful* as well as holy. She lived not for herself, but for others. Grace changed her, from the useless character that she presented in the days of her vanity, into a blessing. From the time of her conversion to God, she became a benefactress, and lived to do good; and as Providence smiled upon her, and led her from one scene of activity to another, perpetually widening her circle of usefulness, she subordinated all she acquired to her purposes of beneficence, and blessed in proportion as she *was* blessed.

And religion made her *happy*. It found her wandering in the wilderness, amidst the broken cisterns, and empty wells, and exhausted springs of earthly enjoyment, thirsting after bliss but ignorant where to obtain it, and with the gentleness of a ministering angel, it took her by the hand

and led her to the fountain of living waters, which, as she drank, she was compelled to exclaim with joy and gratitude, "I have found it! I have found it!" How often, lately, have I heard her repeat that beautiful hymn of Cowper's—

"I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share,
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

"It was the sight of Thy dear cross,
First weaned my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings."

But look into her dying chamber, and observe the composure of her mind when she read for the first time, and as often as she read afterwards, the sentence of dissolution. See her watching with patience and serenity the seeds of mortal disease, as they were striking their roots deeper and deeper in her constitution, and advancing with rapid growth to bear the bitter fruits of pain and death. Think of her alone, by her own choice, hour after hour in the day, and that for weeks and months, wanting no amusing book, no entertaining companion, no purveyor of news, to hide from her view the dark avenues of the tomb; but always com-

posed, contented, hopeful, and thankful. See her, as *we* who stood around her often saw her, cheering their sad hearts with her smiling, animated countenance; the comforter of the comfortless! Behold her making all her preparations for the last closing scene, and all that was to follow, with a calmness and a minuteness which looked rather like the preparation for a pleasant excursion than for a descent to the sepulchre; and doing all this, not with a heart crushed and broken with misfortune and weary of the world; nor with a forlorn and friendless spirit, hunted out of existence by unkindness, and therefore looking wistfully at the grave as to a shelter from the storms of life: but, instead of all this, with much to detain her upon earth and render life attractive and desirable!

And what was it that produced this weanedness from the world and deadness to it; this composure of mind when the cold hand of death was upon her? Religion: the religion of faith, and hope, and love. It was confidence in Him who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel; the confidence expressed in the text chosen by my beloved friend, as the ground of her funeral discourse, and so well illustrated by him in that sermon. Nothing but that committal of the immortal spirit into the hands of Christ,

exemplified by Paul and by every other real believer in the gospel, can produce such a tranquil expectation of the last hours of mortal existence, and such a steady and well-founded hope of immortal life, as have been exhibited in these pages. None but a soul justified by faith in Christ, regenerated by the Spirit of God, and sanctified by the truth, can stand thus for months, looking down into the sepulchre, and anticipate the stroke of the last enemy with the triumphant apostrophe of the apostle, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

To the church and congregation, committed by the Holy Ghost to my pastoral oversight and care, I am peculiarly anxious that this brief memorial should be useful, in stirring them up to great decision and diligence in the spirit and duties of their holy profession: and with that view I have dedicated it to them. I shall say nothing further (by some perhaps, but certainly not by them, I shall be thought to have said too much already,) on the subject of that example, which now exists only in their memory, and in these pages, but merely admonish them to follow her, who is gone from among them, as far as she followed Christ, and no further. A deep

impression has been produced by her death; a deeper could not, of course, be expected from any other instance of mortality, save one, that could have occurred, or can occur amongst us; and should not the lessons designed by God to be taught by *this* decease, be received, they may be repeated at no distant time from the tomb, instead of the pulpit of him, who is still, through the goodness of God, the living instructor of his flock.

Suffer, dear brethren, the word of exhortation. You know, for you have witnessed, and in various ways have acknowledged, my deep and tender anxiety for your spiritual welfare. I feel now, as if the best return I could make you for all your sympathy, expressed both for the departed and the survivor, were to labour more abundantly and more faithfully for your salvation: and should this bereavement be designed, and that design be accomplished, at once to induce, on my part, a greater degree of earnest endeavour to communicate religious benefit, and on yours to receive it, I will still go on my way rejoicing, though it be at the same time weeping and alone: saying, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we

may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer: or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation." 2 Cor. i. 3. 7. Thus you see your pastor's affliction and consolation are not exclusively his own, nor for himself, but for you: and willingly will he endure the former, and more powerfully enjoy the latter, if both shall be for your edification. The light of his tabernacle is extinguished; but if this shall really turn to your account; if *you* shall be stirred up to a more earnest pursuit of eternal life; to a more consistent and exemplary discharge of all the duties of the Christian profession; to more separation from the world and deadness to it; to more of the life of faith, and spirit of prayer; to more hungering and thirsting after righteousness; to more peaceful expectation of death; and more lively hope of glory everlasting; he will neither murmur nor complain.

You too are mortal. The sentence of death has passed upon *you*. O, hear the voice which comes in such solemn and emphatic tones from

that tomb which is in the midst of your assembly, is ever before your eyes, and which says to you all, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." The time of your departure draweth nigh. Defer not your preparation for it till the summons arrives. You can die but once; a consideration as consolatory to the Christian, as it is terrific to the impenitent: the deep, dark stream once crossed, is never to be recrossed, either to endanger again the safety of the one, or to correct the mistake of the other. Death puts the seal of eternity upon man's destiny. Heaven or hell follows the last breath; everlasting joy or torment is suspended upon the final pulsation of the heart. Learn from the narrative you have read, that if you are really Christians, you need not fear to die, but may go on with tranquil hope to meet the last enemy. The dark valley can be made light, and is, in the case of those who descend into it with the peace that passeth understanding. It is not so deep and dark as to be inaccessible to the sun of glory which shines upon it from heaven; while the eye of faith sees the celestial prospect opening in boundless beauty at the further end. Be holy in life, and you need not fear being happy in death. With God's saints, the fears of dissolution usually diminish and weaken the nearer they

approach it ; and multitudes, with as much surprise as joy, have exclaimed, as they looked the enemy full in the face, " O death ! where is thy sting ?"

But how fearful for a sinner to die and *know* that he is unprepared for death : to feel that the diseased body cannot live, and the disconsolate soul dare not die : to have the agonies of the first death envenomed by an anticipation of the second ; and to see death advancing upon the pale horse, with hell, the black attendant, following ! May every reader avoid this by a timely preparation ; and remember that preparation for death, means preparation for heaven. And who are prepared for heaven, but they whose sins are pardoned through faith in Christ, whose hearts are renewed by the grace of the Holy Spirit, whose lives are filled with the fruits of righteousness, and their characters adorned with the beauties of holiness ? Thus prepare to meet your God.

May the readers of this narrative say, when they have finished it, " Let me die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like" hers ; and let them remember, that the same grace remains for them as was manifested to her, since its riches can never be exhausted, nor its power enfeebled. May they, on laying down the memoir, bend at the footstool of mercy, and

seek by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ to obtain that salvation, which made my sainted wife holy in life, and happy in death ; and which has now elevated her to glory, honour, and immortality. Then will *her* usefulness be extended beyond the brief term of her sojourn upon earth ; while at the same time it will be a comfort to her widower, amidst the solitude and the sorrows of a second bereavement, to find that his incalculable loss was not only *her* gain, of which however he has a full and blessed assurance that it is, but that it was also a gain to others, who, by this short memorial, were induced to follow her in the paths of godliness to the realms of glory.

There is nothing peculiar either in the sorrows or the consolations with which these pages have been penned. The writer is but one of many mourners in the vale of tears ; and to those who weep as he does for friends who fell asleep in Jesus, he would say, " Let us recollect we mourn for those whose earthly pilgrimage was cheered with the anticipation, and who now possess the fruition, of heavenly glory. Their joy is not blighted but matured. They are transplanted to an immortal soil, and their golden fruits ripen in a purer region." Or changing the metaphor, they have accomplished happily their journey ; through faith and pa-

tience they have inherited the promises; they rest for ever from their labours, and have entered into the joy of their Lord. Standing on the shore of those blissful regions, from which sin and sorrow are for ever excluded, they beckon us away to that happy land from which they who are admitted, go no more out. Let us be willing, and let us prepare, to obey the summons.

THE END.

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